

THE CZAR HAS A LONG ARM. PRINCESS

But (for the Present) This

Noble Russian Beauty Has Tricked the Imperial Spies and May Yet Escape the "Golden Cage" Prepared for Her by Her Shameless Husband and a Dissolute Grand Duke

THE beautiful young Princess Olga Galitzina, formerly Lady in Waiting to the Czarina, Empress of Russia, has sailed secretly from New York, but not to return to Russia, as ordered by the Czar through the Russian Consul General's office.

The Princess is now hidden elsewhere in Europe, still hoping and striving with desperate earnestness to keep out of reach of the "Czar's long arm."

Her supposed departure for Russia arranged by New York agents of the Russian Government, who secured her steamship passage and accompanied her on board just before the lines were cast off, was chronicled in the newspapers. How she balked their plans at the last moment, and the true story in detail of the humiliating and disgraceful conditions extending practically to the foot of the Imperial throne which caused her to flee to this country—is told by herself on this page.

At the request of Princess Olga, made through the member of the New York Russian colony with whom she left the story here printed, her present place of hiding is not revealed.

By Princess Olga Galitzina,
Formerly Lady in Waiting to the Russian Empress.

WHEN you read these lines I hope to be safely hidden in a country where the agents of the Czar are less active than in New York.

On Tuesday morning, June 17, Baron Korff, Russian Consul-General to New York, telephoned to me at my hotel that he had secured passage for me on the Campania, which was to sail at 1 o'clock the next morning. I knew that this was the Baron's polite way of notifying me of an Imperial command; nevertheless I begged him, for reasons of my own, to postpone the date of my departure for Russia. He replied somewhat curtly:

"Princess, I am sorry I cannot change the date, as I have very urgent orders from the Ambassador in Washington to get you a ticket on the first sailing steamer. My secretary will call on you at 11 o'clock in the evening, bring you the ticket, pay your hotel bill and take you to the steamer."

"It looks as if I were a prisoner to be sent back by official orders. But suppose I decline to sail. What will you do then?" I inquired nervously.

"Well, I think in that case we would have to use our official authority. And, Princess, I suppose you do not want to make trouble

for yourself?" replied the Consul-General.

"Baron, I am much surprised to hear that," I replied. "Didn't you tell me some days ago that you would secure me a theatrical engagement if I would only consent to give you the manuscript of my drama, in which I intend to play the leading role?"

"Yes, Princess; but you said you would not give me the manuscript, and so I am unable to do anything for you," replied the voice of the polite bureaucrat of the Czar.

"Is that why you keep the spies on my track day and night? Is that why you want to deport me in such a strange way, after having built about me a net of diplomatic intrigues?" I retorted angrily.

"Well, we have secret agents and use them when we need to," the voice replied. "I will take care of all your affairs and provide you with money if you will not make any difficulties for us, Princess. I hope to meet you some day in Russia and then we will have a better chance to talk of art."

Having bidden me farewell, the Consul hung up the receiver and I sank exhausted on my chair. My head became dizzy and I felt as if the fires of hell were raging in my soul. I gazed blankly out of my window at the gay crowds in the street and felt I was a prisoner in the apartment of a New York hotel.



"Even the Czarina's Friendship for Princess Olga could not prevent the Czar's long arm from pursuing her."

This may seem strange, yet the fact is I have been shadowed by Russian spies as if I had been one of the most daring of revolutionists.

The reason of my escape from Russia and this shadowing by Russian spies is their knowledge of my play, "The Golden Cage," drawn from Russian court life, and the fact that it tells a story that would embarrass persons in high Russian circles. Like the sensational New York play of the past season, "With the Law," my "Golden Cage" reveals unpleasant truths.

Having pondered my situation, I came to the conclusion I would not sail as ordered by the Consul-General. I decided to use a little diplomacy and see how I could deceive the Russian spies.

I called up the Consul-General and asked him to send the steamship



"Be careful with your alluring lips"—the Czar's Advice to Princess Olga.

ticket to my apartment and pay my bill, as I intended to go earlier to the steamer, accompanied by a friend, and would not need his secretary. Greatly pleased with my willingness to sail, which he had not expected, the Consul readily promised to send me everything about five o'clock the same afternoon.

In the meanwhile I had met a countryman, whom I had known in Russia and on whose good will I could rely. He arranged to meet me at ten o'clock in the evening at the pier of the Cunard Line, where I would go with my things to board the steamer. There we would decide upon further plans.

The Russian Consul sent a clerk to my apartment, paid my hotel bill and left second-class passage with a few dollars extra for railway fare from Southampton to London, where a Russian agent was to meet me and take me to the Embassy. But the clerk told me that the Consul had also taken a ticket for one of his secret agents on the same steamer.

At 10 o'clock in the evening I was with my trunks at the pier and bided my countryman with an American friend waiting for me outside. I also saw two shadowy figures following me like phantoms.

"We must board the steamer at once," whispered my countryman. "My friend, Mr. Z., will stand outside and take care of your things. I will take your suitcase, you simply follow me."

I covered my face with a veil in order to evade the reporters, and we boarded the steamer, while the friend of Mr. X. remained outside with the two detectives. As soon as we were on the steamer I changed my hat and wrap in my cabin. It was evident that in the throng of passengers and their accompanying parties we had eluded the spies. My countryman whispered in my ear:

"Go down in the steerage and leave from the gangway downstairs. You will reach the street from another entrance and there take a taxi that is waiting for you."

I left him and did as he had instructed. He remained in the second cabin while I walked out, entered the waiting taxi and drove away. I drove to the house of an American

lady who received me hospitably, as a friend of my countryman. Half an hour later Mr. X. and his friend, Mr. Z., arrived with my things and assured me that I was safe.

It was near midnight. I felt as if I had been saved from drowning. But although exhausted and tired, I could not sleep. The thrilling past moved like a feverish panorama before my eyes.

I was born a Princess of Caucasian blood. My father, Prince Tscherskasky, is descended from an old Tartar noble family and has occupied various high offices in my native land. But he was not good to my mother, so I lived with her in St. Petersburg, where I was educated in the famous College of Smolny. I was a pretty young girl, and men adored me already when I was fifteen years old. At the age of sixteen I became a Lady in Waiting to the Czarina, because she thought I was one of the prettiest girls of St. Petersburg. The officers of the guard regiments were all madly in love with me. Even the Czar kissed my hands—of course, in the presence of the Czarina.

"Princess, you will have a hard life, with your beauty," said the Czar humorously. "Feminine beauty is the most intoxicating of sensations for a man. The fact is, it can deprive a most serious and respectable man of his senses and self-control. Therefore, be careful with your fiery looks and alluring lips."

"Your Majesty, I am a sensible girl and hope to withstand all temptations," I stammered.

The fact was, I fell in love with Prince Andrei Galitzine, an officer of the Guard Curassier Regiment, a very handsome and rich young man of the highest standing socially. He was not exactly my ideal, but the Czar said I should become his wife.

Already, during our courtship, I felt now and then doubtful moments. I was a girl of a very spiritual nature. But my fiancé seemed to be interested only in physical matters. But I could not change my mind, and so became his wife.

Even in the first year of my married life I discovered that my husband hated my spiritual love of beauty and considered me a dreamer. He did not like that I should read and write poetry or take any interest in art. He wanted to make a bargain with me, and proposed to one of the Grand Dukes to have me as his favorite, in return for which outrageous bargain the Grand Duke would favor my husband politically. The Grand Duke himself was married. I almost fainted. The Grand Duke said to me cold-bloodedly:

"Princess, your husband is only your partner, so it is only natural that I should be your real husband."

"Your Royal Highness, never! I shall not sell myself for anything in the world. Even if I am not the wife of my husband, certainly I shall not be the creature of another man," I retorted vigorously.

The Grand Duke stared at me and grunted, grimly:

"Well, we will see. Princess, don't take marriage so seriously. It is only a label to cover other relations with something conventional."

I began to see the horrible precipice of immorality that prevailed in the gilded halls of palaces. I shuddered and my nature revolted. That is why I left my husband and his gilded castles and went to my mother, who was alive at that time. She was a great soul and consoled me. Now, the old, dormant idea of the stage awakened in my soul. I had studied drama in college. I was by nature an actress.



Princess Olga Galitzina. She Fleed from Russia to Escape the Consequences of the Shameless Bargain Her Husband Made for Her with a Grand Duke Who Urged Her "Not to Take Marriage Too Seriously."

When I made my first appearance on the stage in St. Petersburg, the first lady of the court, then a storm of indignation. I was successfully and the audience plauded my art. The Czar was terly against me in the beginning, but being a great lover of the drama he soon forgave me. But the circle never could say a good word for me. I was ostracized and utterly condemned, not only for an actress, but for being the arated wife of a high function of the court.

The intrigues against me were all kinds of temptations were in my way. But I was strong and was again admitted to the circle. But now I saw that life with an objective eye, and the idea of a drama of court life came to me. I did so and it proved excellent. But how could I play in Russia?

I read the play to a few Russian dramatists and they enthusiastic about it. They that if I could have it staged I would become famous.

I was ready to make any sacrifice. I sailed to New York there a friend of mine introduced me to a rich American, who fell in love with me. Although did not love him, I agreed to come his wife.

But it was all an illusion. I did not care for my ideal, did not want to sell myself, was left in my critical situation. As you have seen, my husband have gained for me true friends in America, and through them before long to be freed from the persecutions of the spies, and saved from the fatal fate arranged for me in my country.

My Secrets of Beauty---By MME. LINA CAVALIERI, the Famous Living Beauty.

No. 231.—DEVELOPING THE FULL BEAUTY OF YOUR NECK AND SHOULDERS

I AM going to tell you to-day how to be beautiful from your chin and your ears down to the top of your dress. The neck has always been one of the delights of artists and all admirers of women. Men are invariably charmed by a beautiful back and neck.

The shoulders are more or less immovable. Not having to give any expression to active life, they are not subject to wrinkles, but they suffer more or less from ill-adapted clothing. Nature is not equally kind to all shoulders. Some are prominent and bony, altogether unfitted for the décolleté. Nevertheless, every ingenious woman manages to find some form of décolleté adapted to her chest and shoulders. The moment that the shoulders are to be shown we should know how they are to have the proper color and how they are to match the neck.

It is understood that special attention to the toilet of the neck and shoulders should be given daily.

The skin of the neck, shoulders and breast should present several different tones. From the soft, rosy flush of the cheeks the cuticle should become paler and paler until it is an absolutely dazzling white just above the corset. The throat should have a tone slightly pinker than the shoulders.

Before applying powder or cosmetics, stand before your mirror and assure yourself that some part of your skin is too ruddy or too pale.

Unless this is so, please put absolutely nothing on your skin. The standards of beauty, as far as the complexion is concerned, are based on the appearance of a healthy skin. If your skin is healthy it will look better in its natural state than any way you can alter it. If it isn't healthy you are justified in covering the blemishes as best you may. But try to remedy the skin defect by improving your general health.

Bean-flour and a distillation of lemon juice, strawberry juice and cucumber juice, as well as water of rose, all clean the skin well and bleach it. It is best not to use the preparations usually sold, but to prepare them yourself so that you know

what you are using.

Here is an excellent paste for bleaching the skin: To make the skin of the neck rub it lightly with a bit of dipped in this preparation:

Glycerin
Rosewater
Oxygenized Water
Powdered Alum
Marshmallow Water
Alcohol

Put all of this in a pot, slowly so as to allow all to melt. Mix. Skim and allow to cool. Fume it to taste.

Let me recommend to you that if you would have a fine neck and shoulders, to make a compress of juice of leeks, which you cook with the tops for half an hour and then strained.